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Thunderclan

Leader:

Sandstar - Faded gold tom with amber eyes

Deputy:

Longfall - Dark brown tom with green eyes

Medicine Cat:

Cherryblossom - Brown tabby she-cat with white paws
Apprentice: Greenpaw

Warriors:

Moonsong - Black tom with amber eyes

Hawkwing - Ashy brown tom with green eyes
Apprentice: Owlpaw

Duskwillow - Dark brown she-cat with purple eyes

Yellowheart - Gray she-cat with blonde splotches and blue eyes

Goldsoul - Gold tom with gray paws and green eyes

Antfall - Firey red tom with amber eyes

Fawnlegs - Light brown and white tom with black paws and blue eyes
Apprentice: Flowerpaw

Primrosepetal - Light red she-cat with ginger splotches and green eyes

Poppyclaw - Black tom with green eyes

Spiderfang - Gray and brown she-cat with amber eyes

Onewish - Pure white tom with amber eyes

Fernwind - Light brown she-cat with blue eyes
Apprentice: Flamepaw

Brackenpath - Tan tom with amber eyes

Tigerleap - Orange she-cat with green eyes

Heavybelly - Large gold tom with a white underbelly and blue eyes
Apprentice: Ivypaw

Fogheart - Raggedy tom with white fur, gray splotches and blue eyes

Dewfur - White tom with blue eyes

Apprentices:

Flamepaw - Ginger tom with blue eyes

Flowerpaw - Brown tabby she-cat with blue eyes

Owlpaw - Black she-cat with amber eyes

Ivypaw - Grey tom with green eyes

Queens:

Ambercloud - Ginger she-cat with white paws and amber eyes

Littlebird - Gray and white she-cat with green eyes

Elders:

Crowflight - Black tom with blue eyes

Note

This is a short story so there will be crazy jumps in time and also typos are unavoidable so sorry about that lol.
I had come up with this character (Coldeyes) a long time ago and I just never wrote his story until now and I wanted to share it with everyone. I sincerely hope you all enjoy this old fanfiction of mine lol.

Prologue

The sun peaked over the horizon, its small but bright light vanquished as many shadows in the forest as it could. The wind swept up fresh scents and dry leaves. In this forest is a clan. Thunderclan.
Today was like no other, birds chirping in every direction, trees reaching for the sky with all their might. The cats spread out amongst themselves in their camp.
A kit named Whitekit was in the clearing playing with his brother, Stormkit.
"You're so slow!" Stormkit teased his brother, running away from him in their game of tag.
"Shut up! I'll be faster then you when we become apprentices!" Whitekit shot back. Stormkit took a sharp turn, nearly running into a warrior. Stormkit skid to a stop, a pinge of fear going through him for getting in a warrior's way. Whitekit slammed into his brother, making them fall down.
"Ow..." Stormkit grumbled. Whitekit smiled.
" I got you!" He said triumphantly. Stormkit rolled his eyes and looked up to see who the warrior was.
"Hello Fernwind! How are you?" Stormkit asked politely. Fernwind, a light brown she-cat, smiled at the kits.
"I am doing very well. How is your mother?" She asked.
"Littlebird is good! She tells us stories like Crowflight does!" Whitekit said happily. Fernwind purred.
"That is wonderful. I have to go do Flamepaw's assessment, so I will see you two later." Fernwind said. Whitekit and Stormkit nodded.
"Bye Fernwind!" They called after her as she left the camp with her apprentice.

Chapter 1

Whitekit was asleep beside his brother. The atmosphere was warm, but he blinked open his eyes when he didnt feel his mother's comforting fur.
When his eyes adjusted he saw it was only him, his brother and Ambercloud with her kit. Whitekit got up from his nest and went to the entrance of the nursery.
"You arent taking both of them." He heard a tom's voice say.
Whitekit froze in his tracks.
"I will take both of them. I gave birth to them. They are *my* kits." He heard his mother respond sharply to the tom.
"You are insane if you think I will let you take both of my children from me. I have just as much right to have a say in their future as you." The tom replied. This time Whitekit recognized his voice. That tom was his father Dewfur.
"*I* am their *mother*." Littlebird argued.
"And *I* am their *father*, but you are no longer my mate. You wont take them from me." Dewfur shot back angrily. Littlebird scoffed and Whitekit heard scuffling. He bolted back to his nest and laid down.
His mother entered the nursery and laid down beside Whitekit and Stormkit.

Chapter 2

It was morning again and Whitekit was troubled. He was holding the conversation he overheard between his parents. Stormkit was playing with his brother's tail, unaware of his troubled mind.
"Whats wrong with you? You're so boring." Stormkit said. Whitekit was to far in his thoughts to even attempt to respond to his brother. What were they arguing about? Dewfur kept saying Littlebird couldn't take him and Stormkit from him... what was going to happen? Whitekit shot forward when he felt a pain shoot up his spine. He hissed and slashed at his brother who had bit his tail. Stormkit fell over from the hit and stared at his brother in shock.
"I was just messing with you!"
"You need to learn to grow up!" Whitekit growled. He was frustrated already, he didn't need his brother getting on his nerves.
"Hey, hey! Put away those claws!" Dewfur ordered, trotting over to his sons. Whitekit looked away from him. Stormkit smiled at his father.
"Sorry. I bit his tail. I think he is cranky." Stormkit explained. Dewfur looked over at Whitekit.
"Are you alright Whitekit?" Dewfur asked. Whitekit narrowed his eyes, still not looking at his father. He got up and walked away toward the nursery, grumbling to himself. Dewfur had a look of concern for his son grow on his face.

Chapter 3

It was late, so late that the birds didn't chatter and the crickets had put down their instruments. Whitekit couldn't sleep, he was to disturbed by his thoughts. He couldn't understand why the information bothered him so much. What were his parents talking about?
Whitekit sighed and tried to sleep, but was only roused by his mother a few moments later.
"Stormkit, Whitekit, wake up." Littlebird whispered. Whitekit blinked.
"Wha-" He tried to ask, only to be lifted out of his nest onto the nursery floor by his neck fur. Littlebird picked up Stormkit and gently pushed Whitekit out of the nursery. Whitekit was confused. When they had gone outside the nursery Whitekit saw Yellowheart guarding the entrance.
Littlebird headed straight toward her. Yellowheart blinked at her.
"Tonight is the night?" Yellowheart asked. Littlebird nodded, her voice would have been muffled by Stormkit if she tried to speak.
"Be safe." Yellowheart said sadly. Whitekit was curious. Yellowheart knew what was going on? Why was she letting them leave camp?
His mother pushed him through the camp entrance and they walked through the forest for what felt like hours. Whitekit had been switched out with Stormkit.
He looked down at his brother only to see him mesmorized by the forest. Whitekit didnt like this situation at all.
Littlebird stopped though and placed Whitekit down. She looked around and growled.
"Come out Dewfur." She ordered. Suddenly a white tom jumped down from a tree above them.
"You wont stop me." Littlebird immediately said. Dewfur glared at her.
"Im not here to stop *you*. You aren't taking these kits." Dewfur said.
Littlebird was going to retort but stopped when she saw Whitekit walk to his father. Dewfur watched and looked back up to her.
"See, they dont want to leave the clan like you. Don't ruin their futures." He said. Littlebird hissed.

"Fine take Whitekit. I dont care what you have to say. Stormkit is staying with me." Littlebird said. Before their father could retort she scooped up Stormkit and dissapeared.
Dewfur sighed and picked up Whitekit and carried him back to camp.

Chapter 4

When Dewfur returned to camp with his son he was stopped at the entrance by Yellowheart.
"Dewfur!" She gasped in surprise. Dewfur growled at her, intimidating her enough to get out of his way. He knew she let Littlebird out of camp. Dewfur took Whitekit to the warriors den and placed him in his nest and curled around him. Whitekit scowled at his father.
"What happened?" He asked. Dewfur sighed.
"Just sleep. I'll explain in the morning." He whispered. Whitekit pouted a moment but decided to wait. He laid down and closed his blue eyes.

The sun rose the next morning and Dewfur had taken Whitekit with him to Sandstar's den.
"What is it Dewfur?" The old golden tom asked. Dewfur placed Whitekit down and sat beside him.
"Littlebird abandoned us last night. She left Whitekit behind." Dewfur said. The graying leader blinked at him in surprise, his whisker twitched before he spoke.
"Why by the name of Starclan would she ever leave Thunderclan?" Sandstar asked in a raspy voice.
"She was... atracted to a different life." Dewfur explained lamely. Sandstar eyed him, then looked to his son.
"How old is Whitekit?" Sandstar asked.
"Four moons." Dewfur answered. Sandstar sighed.
"Then he already eats fresh kill. He doesnt need a replacement mother. Just have him stay by Ambercloud on cold nights." Sandstar decided. Dewfur nodded and picked Whitekit up and carried him out of the den.
Whitekit was placed in front of the nursery and Dewfur left him to go talk to another warrior. Whitekit pouted. So his mother had abandoned the clan because it wasn't good enough for her? He would prove her wrong. Thunderclan was a wonderful clan. He would become a great warrior so no one would look at him as Littlebird's son, but as a true warrior!

Chapter 5

Whitekit had been sitting around in front of the nursery all day. His father had gone and caught him food but left again without saying anything. Whitekit laid down and sighed.
He had a straight face. All he had to do was wait until he was six moons old and he could prove himself as a warrior of the clan. But it would be a long time.
He heard footsteps behind him and his ear twitched, but he didn't move to address whoever it was. He felt their presence come up beside him and sat down. He spared a glance and saw a kit like him. It was a she-cat with light brown fur and a red paw. He stared at her for a moment. She looked down at him and smiled.
That single expression brought a smile to his face. For some reason it didnt feel like he had smiled in a long time, even though he had been playing with Stormkit only two sunrises ago.
He looked away from her and laid his head back down. Throughout the day they stayed like that. Neither said anything, but occassionally looked at eachother.
Night had come and Ambercloud called for her kit and invited Whitekit, since she had caught wind of where Littlebird went.
He joined them and fell asleep beside the she-cat and Ambercloud.

Chapter 6

Everyday for the past two moons had been almost identical. Whitekit would sit outside with the other kit, named Dapplekit, and the two would just watch the camp activity together. They had eventually opened up to each other a little, though it was only a few words shared each time. But they were both content with that. Sandstar had walked out to the highledge on his old legs and called for a clan meeting.
"All cats old enough to catch their own prey... gather here beneath the highledge for a clan meeting." He yowled. Ambercloud brought Dapplekit and Whitekit to the crowd.
"Today we bring fourth two kits who have reached their sixth moon and are ready to take on the responsibilities of apprentices. Dapplekit, Whitekit. Please come forward." Sandstar instructed. His whiskers twitched when they both stepped up under him.
"Whitekit, I hate to bring negative attention or any kind for that matter onto you but I wanted to tell you, you are a brave kit for staying with us after what your mother did. You make me smile every time I see you walking around proudly." Sandstar said, chuckling. Whitekit suppressed it, but he really wanted to snarl at Sandstar for mentioning his mother.
"Whitekit, you have reached your goal of six moons. You will become an apprentice and Moonsong will become your mentor. Your name is now Whitepaw until your warrior ceremony." Sandstar said. A sleek black tom looked up from the ground with surprise, his ears directed toward the highledge. He stood and strode through the crowd and touched noses with Whitepaw. They stepped over to the side together and Sandstar looked down at Dapplekit.
"And you too have reached your sixth moon. Dapplekit, you will now be known as Dapplepaw and Brackenpath will be your mentor." Sandstar announced. A brown tom appeared from the crowd and touched noses with his new apprentice.
"This meeting is dismissed." Sandstar said. The clan disbanded and Moonsong led Whitepaw to the entrance to camp while chatting with Brackenpath. Dapplepaw and Whitepaw walked together in

silence.

Chapter 7

Whitepaw and Dapplepaw sat together outside the apprentice den, sharing a vole Whitepaw had caught. He looked up and saw the other apprentices, much older then they were, wrestling in the clearing. Whitepaw narrowed his eyes at them. They were both somewhat clumbsy, but it was just a playful match. Dapplepaw brushed her head against his neck and he looked down at her.
"Are you done with the vole?" She asked timidly. Whitepaw nodded.
It had been about a moon of training. Whitepaw had gotten taller and his shoulders had become wide. Dapplepaw hadnt yet gotten a growth spurt so she appeared small compared to him.
The ones fighting in the clearing were Flowerpaw and Flamepaw. They were only two moons or so older then Dapplepaw and Whitepaw. Flowerpaw was faster then Flamepaw and would catch him by his weak points. Flamepaw was leaner, so when he did catch Flowerpaw, he easily pushed the other apprentice away.
A few days ago the oldest apprentice, Owlpaw had become Owlfall. Whitepaw hadn't seen much of Owlfall since they were taking every chance they could get to go on a patrol or hunting.
Whitepaw sighed. He should be going out all the time to prove his dedication but he knew that wouldnt make his training go faster. He still had much to learn.

Later that night in the apprentice den Whitepaw and Dapplepaw were lying together. Whitepaw's ear twitched when he heard footsteps. He looked out and couldn't see anything.
He suddenly felt cold, like a leaf bare wind had found its way into the den. Whitepaw curled up closer to Dapplepaw, trying to shield her from the cold air. He heard a hiss and his head shot up in alarm.
He sniffed the air and scanned his surroundings.
"*You must be cold..."* A voice said, the "s" being exagerated in the creatures speech.
"*You will be alone... you must be cold..."* The voice said. Whitepaw narrowed his eyes, but suddenly felt light headed and fainted. He awoke startled. Dapplepaw had a concerned look when he woke up.

"You were having a nightmare." Dapplepaw explained. Whitepaw sighed.
"Yes. It was... strange." That was the only word he could find to describe it.

Chapter 8

Another moon passed and Dapplepaw had finally gotten her growth spurt. She was an bit taller with longer fur, but Whitepaw still looked like he towered over her when they stood side by side.
"Why do I have to be stuck short when you get to be as tall as the sky?" Dapplepaw asked teasingly to him, leaning into his white fur.
Whitepaw chuckled.
"Its so I can protect you." Whitepaw said, not able to think of anything else to say. Dapplepaw smiled and looked over into the clearing.
She spotted the two kits who had been born a few days ago. She couldnt remember their names but it was two toms, one was a ashen brown kit and the other was gray.
Whitepaw was looking at Sandstar's den. The past deputy Longfall was sick and everyone knew he wasnt going to get through it, especially not in the middle of leaf bare.
Whitepaw was curious of who Sandstar would choose to take over Longfall's place.
"I'm worried for Sandstar. That tom is so old..." Dapplepaw said.
Whitepaw looked over at her.
"We will be old some day. That just means you are closer to Starclan." Whitepaw said, rubbing his head against hers. Dapplepaw smiled.
"That is one way to look at it. That just makes me look forward to when we are elders." Dapplepaw joked. Whitepaw purred in agreement.

Chapter 9

It was the time long awaited. Dapplepaw and Whitepaw were going to have their assessments today. Since they were the only apprentices now they were going to take them seperately.
Whitepaw had gone out and returned with flying colors. He ran to Dapplepaw and they rubbed heads together in greeting.
"I caught mice, a vole and a pigeon." Whitepaw told her. Dapplepaw purred.
"I wonder what I will catch." She meowed. Whitepaw smiled fondly at her.
"Do your best." He said, trying to encourage her. Dapplepaw swatted playfully at him.
"Of course I will do my best." Dapplepaw chuckled. Her mentor, Brackenpath, padded past her.
"Come on lets go Dapplepaw!" The tom said. After a few loving actions the couple split up for Dapplepaw to start her assessment.
Whitepaw went and sat in front of the apprentice den.
He would wait here until she got back and share a vole he grabbed from the pile together to celebrate passing their tests.
But that wouldn't happen.

Chapter 10

Whitepaw had been waiting all day, long until nightfall and had accidentally fallen asleep. He was woken abruptly though to yowls erupting.

He shot onto his feet, fully alert. He saw warriors rush to the entrance and Whitepaw watched from where he was. When a path cleared everyone got quiet, Brackenpath came through the crowd dragging a body with him. Whitepaw felt his soul shatter.

"NO!" He roared, breaking into a sprint to Dapplepaw's body. He slammed into Brackenpath and it knocked him out of the way. Whitepaw froze when he reached her.

Her eyes were closed and her pelt was different to him. It no longer glowed, he felt no warmth come from her. Whitepaw stood there, feeling more broken and abandoned then he did when his mother left the clan.

The she-cat who had comforted him and been at his side. The she-cat he loved, the one he wanted to grow old with and have a family with was gone.

Whitepaw fell. His legs could no longer hold him, as if all the despair in his heart weighed so much his legs couldn't take the pressure. He laid over her corpse.

He didn't wail. He refused to yowl out his current state of emotional break down.
Thousands of thoughts went through his mind as he held her close.

He growled, a sudden rage over taking him.

"You were there! What happened to her?!" Whitepaw demanded with a snarl, viciously turning to Brackenpath. The tom seemed to stiffen and cower under the younger tom's gaze and larger stature.

"S-she was bitten by an adder!" Brackenpath meowed. Whitepaw growled and held up a claw to strike at Brackenpath for not preventing this. Before he could Sandstar stopped him.

"Rage is a child of anger and despair. Whitepaw, lower your claws or I will have you stricken down." The old tom ordered, the rasp gone from his voice as if he had lost seasons of age and was in his prime.

"I know you cared deeply for Dapplepaw but she is gone. An adder took her life. There is nothing Brackenpath could have done, nothing any of us could have done. It was fate that killed her. We all grieve for such a young cat loosing all the blessings a long life can grant, but I will not have my warriors turn on eachother." Sandstar growled. Whitepaw stared at the ground, his chest growing and shrinking with each of his heavy breaths.

He slowly lowered his claw and looked away from Brackenpath and the others and went into the apprentice den to be alone. Sandstar watched him and breathed out of his nose, as if it was in relief. "Bury her immediately." Sandstar ordered his clan.

Chapter 11

Whitepaw hadn't done anything for days. Everytime someone approached him he would never look them in the eye. He wouldn't even respond.
He never spoke, never hunted, and barely ate or slept. The clan had tried to cheer him up but he refused to cooperate with them.
Due to him being unresponsive it had called off his warrior ceremony. His mentor feared he would be an apprentice forever if he didnt fix himself.
Everytime he did look up, those rare moments, were the most terrifying. His sharp blue eyes were cold as ice and struck fear in his clanmates.
It had gotten so bad that no one approached him anymore, and the clan called him "Coldpaw" due to his sudden change. Coldpaw knew he wasn't himself anymore, that he was now looked at from a different angle. But he didnt care. All he could do was grieve for Dapplepaw. He had never felt so empty in his heart, so much *hatred* for this world he was in.
Why did his mother leave? Why did Dapplepaw have to die? Was it really fate, or a mistake from Starclan?
Coldpaw didn't know and still didnt care. Dapplepaw- *his* Dapplepaw, was gone. He knew he would have to choose at some point and felt now was the best time. The clan started ignoring him and he felt forgotten, even though it was his own fault for scaring everyone away.
He decided he was going to leave Thunderclan as not to burden them with his grief anymore.
He waited until deep nightfall and rose from his place outside the apprentice den.

Chapter 12

Coldpaw padded to the dirtplace and climbed over the slope into the forest to avoid whoever was guarding the entrance. He honestly didn't care if they spotted him, or if they didn't care either.
He had been walking for a long time, hours even if he tried to keep track. He sighed heavily, his head low and his shoulders slouched. Before he went he wanted to spend time with her. Stay with her a few short moments before he left.
He padded through the forest all the way to where the cats were buried. Once he reached it he stopped. He saw another cat by the graves and watched them lay silently.
Coldpaw waited a moment before walking into the clearing. The cat lifted their head at his entry and looked at him. It was Ambercloud, Dapplepaw's mother.
Coldpaw realized as he got closer that she was lying beside her daughter's grave.
Coldpaw stopped beside her and stood there for a few minutes. He looked up at silverpelt. A few stars twinkled above him but he looked back down at the mound of dirt.
He laid down beside Ambercloud. Both the cats remained completely silent, a few crickets or other creatures of the forest would send their woes to the grieving cats.
After sitting together for so long something seemed to blossom between the two heart broken cats. An understanding of pain almost.
Ambercloud rose and shook her fur.
"Lets... get back to camp." She said gently. Coldpaw took a deep breath and rose to his paws. They both traveled through the forest back to Thunderclan.
When they entered Sandstar was in the middle of the camp. He looked over them with suspicion.
"Ambercloud, where were you all night? You have a dawn patrol to make." Sandstar said to her. Coldpaw kept his gaze toward the ground. He attempted to walk away back to the apprentice den but Ambercloud stopped him.
"I demand that Coldpaw is reassigned as my apprentice."

Ambercloud said. Sandstar looked taken back.
"Why?" Is all he could ask. Ambercloud stared at him for a moment.
"I understand him." She said simply. Sandstar huffed and looked at Coldpaw. He sighed and his chest fell as he realized why she would "understand" him.
"Fine." The old tom agreed.

Chapter 13

Ever since Ambercloud had become his mentor Coldpaw had become active again. He would go hunting, he would properly eat and drink. He wouldn't talk much still since it was a rather rapid change. Coldpaw was still a hulking tom and his gaze still left fear in his clanmates but they all tried to look past it and treat him as a clanmate again.
At first Coldpaw was resistent with taking his assessment but had eventually gotten over his fear to end up like Dapplepaw.
He had returned successful of course and was now seated under Sandstar.
"Coldpaw, I know you have endured much suffering, but you have picked yourself back up and put all your broken fragments back together. You have risen again as a new cat of this clan. From this day forth you shall forever be known as Coldeyes." Sandstar announced.
Coldeyes smiled gently at the older tom and nodded his thanks.
"Coldeyes! Coldeyes!" The clan cheered for him. The white tom looked over Ambercloud and they shared a smile.
"Now go and start your vigil as a new warrior." Sandstar chuckled, dissmissing the clan. Coldeyes did as he was told, the rule of staying silent wasnt hard for him and guarding the entrance wouldnt be either.

Chapter 14

A season passed for Coldeyes to grow as a warrior. He had over come his grief of Dapplepaw enough where he didn't mope and was a proud warrior of Thunderclan.
But now it was time. Time for him to take on an apprentice. Coldeyes had associated himself with the kits in the nursery who were going to become apprentices soon. The two kits from before, Foxkit and Lostkit had become Foxpaw and Lostpaw. Their mentors were Ivywhisp and Goldsoul.
All he learned were their names and Coldeyes resented one of them.
"All cats old enough... to catch their own prey! Gather here beneath the highledge for a clan meeting!" Sandstar's rusty yowl sounded in the camp. Coldeyes had been informed by Ambercloud that he was getting an apprentice but she refused to tell him which kit.
The large white tom found a spot relatively close to the front of the crowd.
"Today is the day two new apprentices will be made! Southkit, and Dapplekit!" Sandstar announced. Coldeyes had already knew their names and felt his fur prickle with anxiety, fearing which kit he would mentor. Coldeyes felt his chest rise with relief when Sandstar looked to the back of the crowd, but it crashed back down after what he said.
"Poppyclaw, you will be mentor to Southkit." The faded blonde tom said. He looked down at Coldeyes with a soft gaze. Outside Coldeyes may have seemed prepared but underneath he felt as if he were going through a crisis.
"Coldeyes, you will mentor Dapplekit. Both of you kits shall be known as Southpaw and Dapplepaw until you earn your warrior names. Understood?" Sandstar asked. Both of the young toms nodded happily. Poppyclaw touched noses with Southpaw and Coldeyes approached Dapplepaw. He hesitantly touched the apprentice's nose.
"Southpaw! Dapplepaw!" The clan cheered.

Chapter 15

Dapplepaw looked up at his new mentor when the clan started to split apart. Coldeyes was looking straight ahead, a look of thought on his face. Dapplepaw's smile slowly faded as he felt awkward.
"Are we doing anything...?" Dapplepaw asked when he gathered enough courage to talk. Coldeyes looked down at him.
"You haven't seen the territory and that is what everyone does when they get an apprentice. So we will do that. Stay close to me." Coldeyes ordered. Dapplepaw followed the large tom into the forest. Coldeyes had taken the young cat through out all of the territory, showing him their borders between Windclan and Shadowclan.
"My paws are killing me! Can we go back to camp?" Dapplepaw whined. Coldeyes stopped.
"My apprentice will not complain. You will build endurance." Coldeyes said, some kind of hiss was hidden in his tone. Dapplepaw frowned and lowered his tail.
"Ok Coldeyes." Dapplepaw said with a sigh. Coldeyes had shown him a little more of the territory and decided to take Dapplepaw back. He had hoped the cat could have kept walking for longer but he did just become an apprentice.
When they got back Dapplepaw reunited with his brother Southpaw. Coldeyes paused and watched them play, tumbling over eachother and swatting. He narrowed his eyes and went to the warriors den.
Dapplepaw and Southpaw stopped wrestling and were panting.
"Man you two just became apprentices and you look like you're doing some battle training." A voice said. The toms looked to where it came from. It was Foxpaw, a tom who had become an apprentice with his brother Lostpaw a moon or so before them.
"Yeah, we want to learn as much as possible and train as much as possible to be the best warriors!" Southpaw said. Foxpaw smiled.
"Thats great! That is exactly what you should go for. Work hard and get good results right? Well night guys, I get to go on the dawn patrol tomorrow!" Foxpaw said. Foxpaw went to the apprentice den with the other two apprentices waving goodbye to him with their

tails.

Chapter 16

Dapplepaw had woken up and was scared out of his fur when he left the apprentice den. Coldeyes had been waiting just outside the den for him.
"Crowflight needs someone to bring him fresh moss for his nest. And maybe search him for ticks." Coldeyes said. Dapplepaw blinked at him but nodded with determination. The little apprentice raced off to the entrance of camp.
He didn't have to run for very long though, there were bundles of moss near camp. Dapplepaw eyed them at first. Did Coldeyes bring the moss closer to camp for him?
Did he not want Dapplepaw going far because he didn't know the territory like the back of his paw yet?
Dapplepaw sighed and shrugged. He went and picked up a bundle of moss and carried it into camp. He went to the elders den and saw a black tom. He had a few silver hairs throughout his pelt.
The apprentice put down the moss.
"Crowflight? I have new moss for you... Do you want me to look for ticks too?" Dapplepaw asked. The elder's ears perked up at hearing him speak.
"Oh, oh yes. Thank you." He said, the rust in his voice surprised Dapplepaw, he didn't look that old but then again he was an elder.
Dapplepaw walked further into the den and Crowflight got up off his nest. Dapplepaw took the old moss and started to arrange the new batch.
"I hope your nest is better then the last one." The old cat wheezed.
Dapplepaw smiled.
"Usually I like mine thicker so its cushier. I bet that is something you like too?" Dapplepaw asked, glancing at the elder. Crowflight nodded, his silver whiskers twitching.
"Who is your mentor? There is so many of you I always forget.."
Dapplepaw looked up at him.
"Uh its Coldeyes." Crowflights eyes widened a bit.
"I'm surprised by that. Sandstar keeps putting that tom through heart ache and casting the sun on him for no reason... especially with your name." Crowflight said, mumbling the last part.

Dapplepaw eyed him.
"What do you mean? Coldeyes isn't what I expected but he is a strong warrior and I want to be like him, not as.. distant but just as strong and true." Dapplepaw said, finishing with the nest.
Crowflight held up a tail to the apprentice for him to calm down.
"I didn't say there was anything wrong with it. I just question why Sandstar would be so cruel to your mentor. Oh but.. you don't know why. I should probably explain that." Crowflight said, moving into the new nest. Dapplepaw sat down in front of the elder.
"It was before you were born. I remember seeing Coldeyes with his brother wandering around the camp. That was back when his name was still Whitekit-"
"His name wasn't Coldkit? Wow.." Crowflight chuckled.
"Well yes that was because of what happened to him." Crowflight said. Dapplepaw looked at him expectantly.
"Oh yes, um.. well later on after his mother had left with his brother he became friends with a she-kit in the nursery named Dapplekit. They were rather close, nearly inseperable. But when she became an apprentice and was doing her final hunting assessment a snake decided her fate." Crowflight paused to sigh sadly.
"Was a shame to see such a beautiful she-cat, inside and out, die so early in life. But.. Coldeyes was devestated and he pulled himself into the deepest darkest hole I have ever seen a cat go into." Crowflight paused again, shaking his head slowly. Dapplepaw frowned.
Thats why he brought moss up closer to camp.. he didn't want me to die like the other Dapplepaw did..

Chapter 17

Dapplepaw had finished getting a few ticks off Crowflight and got rid of the old moss. He looked around for his mentor but couldn't find him in camp. He had asked a few other warriors and he figured out he had gone hunting.
He sighed in dissapointment. Coldeyes could have taken him hunting rather then making him bring moss to an elder..
Dapplepaw ended up sitting outside the apprentice den, waiting for Coldeyes to return. His brother Southpaw though had arrived first and tackled his brother, the two of them rolled around and batted at each other with their paws.
They seperated laughing.
"So, what did you get back from doing?" Dapplepaw asked his brother. Southpaw's ears perked up.
"Poppyclaw took me out to look at the lake and showed me a few hunting techniques. I almost caught a mouse but a bird flew by and scared it off. But he said tomorrow we're going to do battle training!" Southpaw said with a grin. Dapplepaw smiled, he was happy his brother was getting along with his mentor.
"What have you done with Coldeyes? I heard he is a pretty rough tom." Southpaw said. Dapplepaw tilted his head with a look of thought.
"Well he wants me to be strong, but today all he has done is tell me to go look after Crowflight and then he left to go hunt without me..." Dapplepaw said. Southpaw gave him a curious look, but he brightened up again.
"What if I ask Poppyclaw to invite you and Coldeyes to combat training?" Southclaw asked. Dapplepaw smiled.
"Thats a perfect idea! And we would be able to train together!" Dapplepaw said with excitement. Southpaw stood up swiftly.
"I'll go tell Poppyclaw!"

Chapter 18

Coldeyes had returned to camp and was approached by Poppyclaw. "Coldeyes, my apprentice Southpaw wanted to know if you and Dapplepaw could join us for some battle training tomorrow. And possibly hunting afterward." The black tom said. Coldeyes was silent for a moment but nodded in agreement to the idea.
"It would be good for the both of them to train together. They may be able to bounce off one another." Coldeyes stated. Poppyclaw purred and nodded. He padded away and Coldeyes sighed.
"I have to teach him to hunt..." Coldeyes said. He wanted to be a good mentor and he wanted to make Dapplepaw a strong warrior, but his cowardice sometimes overwhelmed him when he had the thought of Dapplepaw dying the same way as his dead clanmate had.
Coldeyes sighed again and trotted to drop off a few mice to the pile and spotted Dapplepaw talking to his brother. The white tom moved out of the clearing and watched them. He wondered if he would have been better if Stormkit was still in Thunderclan. He looked at the ground. But Coldeyes had been cruel to him before he left. Why would he want to see him?
Coldeyes let his guard down and looked at the sky. The sun was nearly under the horizon and you could see a faint outline of the moon. The tom felt a wrathly sting of regret plague him.
Was Stormkit still alive? Where did his mother go with him? Do either of them remember him? A warrior stepped out of the warriors den and Coldeyes barely noticed, but he smelled him. It was his father Dewfur. The older white tom walked past him and neither said a word or even looked at each other. When he passed Coldeyes turned his head to watch him dissapear behind the ferns of the camp entrance.
Did Dewfur ever wonder where they were? How Stormkit was? If Littlebird was even alive? Coldeyes blinked gently and laid his head down. He wanted to stop thinking about it. He didn't need to think about them anymore.
He was now Coldeyes, a powerful tom of Thunderclan. Even if he was a little feared he had practically reached his goal to become a

great warrior but he didn't feel very proud.
He had gone through loss and had nearly let himself get crumbled by it.. but when Dapplepaw died, even if it was late in his despair, there was more then the lousy support of his father to lift him up. Ambercloud had been there and he had been there for her. He smiled fondly. She was a mother in a way to him. They both lossed Dapplepaw and he was sure more then them had been affected by it.
And now Ambercloud was the deputy and she deserved it in his eyes. She was motherly towards everyone and helped in anyway she could. Coldeyes let his gaze narrow.
He needed to train Dapplepaw. The large white tom rose and approached the apprentice den. Dapplepaw and Southpaw paused their conversation to acknowledge him.
"Hello Coldeyes." Southpaw said. Coldeyes nodded and looked at Dapplepaw.
"Come with me." He ordered.
"Where would we be going this late?" Dapplepaw asked. Coldeyes eyed him.
"I'll tell you when we get into the forest. Its important for tomorrow." Coldeyes said. Southpaw nudged Dapplepaw.
"Just go. I'll see you tomorrow." Southpaw said, going into the den to sleep. Dapplepaw had a thoughtful look but followed Coldeyes out of camp.

Chapter 19

Coldeyes and Poppyclaw had taken time to teach a few moves to their apprentices. As the white tom predicted, Dapplepaw and Southpaw bounced off of each other in training. They later had gone hunting. Coldeyes had been on edge under his white coat. He feared his slower approach to teaching his apprentice to hunt would cause him to embarrass himself. He was grateful though that Dapplepaw had been able to keep up with his brother.
After their activities in the forest were over they returned to camp with a bountiful load of fresh-kill. The warriors allowed their apprentices to go off and do their own thing. Poppyclaw and Coldeyes watched them bound off and begin to tussle outside the apprentice den.
Poppyclaw turned to Coldeyes. He seemed to hesitate before he talked.
"I thought I would never see the day you became a mentor.. but I'm glad it happened." The black tom said. Coldeyes didn't look at him but steered an ear in his direction.
"I hope you can continue to open up." Poppyclaw said, his voice a little smaller then before but Coldeyes still heard him. They stood in silence a moment before Poppyclaw left.
Coldeyes watched Southpaw and Dapplepaw wrestle, but he wasn't really using his eyes at the moment. His mind was churning around his thoughts from what Poppyclaw said.
Coldeyes had to agree with him. He also didn't expect to see the day he would become a mentor after he fell into his despair, but it happened.
He had been left behind by his mother, he managed to get pulled out of his mourning with the help of Ambercloud, Sandstar had put the obstacle of an apprentice with the same name as his dead love, and now he was learning to open up to the world again. So much had been done within such a short chapter of his life, and he had so much more to carry, so much more to stand for, and so much more to conquer in his lifetime.
And Coldeyes was starting to appreciate it, to appreciate those opportunities that would challenge him and threaten to break his

spirit or his pride. He would carry all he could until his legs shook, he would stand for everything until he was exhausted, and he would conquer anything that dared to step in his life and try to dismantle him. As he thought of this.. it started to make his gaze grow a little warmer.

Chapter 20

Coldeyes stood in waiting for Ambercloud outside of camp. They were going to visit Dapplepaw together. He kept his gaze stern as he paused in the silent morning. Of course this visit to Dapplepaw may cause him some turmoil, but he needed to atleast try to feel her presence. Some support or answer.
Ambercloud pushed through the ferns and trotted up to him.
"Lets go." Ambercloud said quietly. Coldeyes nodded and they walked together through the woods.
Most of their journey consisted of exchanging stories to each other about things they did with Dapplepaw. It was meant to lighten their moods to pay some respect to a daughter and a very dear friend.

Dapplepaw stretched outside the apprentice den. His brother was napping but he was waiting for Coldeyes to return. The tom had left with Ambercloud. Dapplepaw had no idea where they went but he overheard Cherryblossom talking to Greenpaw about someone else named Dapplepaw.
Dapplepaw looked around the camp for something to do. It was dawn and he had some energy to spare.

He watched warriors walk around and spotted Coldeyes. He raced over to him.
"Welcome back Coldeyes!" Dapplepaw said, eager for his mentor to do something. He couldn't believe he missed him entering the entrance. The white tom he addressed turned around and Dapplepaw lowered his ears as he realised this tom wasn't Coldeyes, just another warrior that looked like him.
The softer gaze was a dead give away.
"I am not Coldeyes. I am Dewfur, his father." The cat explained.
Dapplepaw new that to be true, their appearances were nearly identical. The only difference was Dewfur had obvious signs of seniority. His voice and gaze were different too.
Dapplepaw nodded and apologized for the mix up while retreating back to the apprentice den to wait for the real Coldeyes.

Southpaw awoke and poked his head outside the apprentice den and spotted his brother.
"Coldeyes isn't training you?" He asked. Dapplepaw sigged and lyed down.
"Apprently not." He rolled his eyes with boredom and annoyance. He may as well ask for a new mentor since Coldeyes looked like he wasn't going to be very effective.
"I wonder where he went." Southpaw said aloud as he stretched beside his brother. Dapplepaw did his best to chrug and lifted his head.
"Maybe I should ask a warrior if they know." Dapplepaw suggested for his brother's opinion.
"I wouldn't, but if he keeps it up you should tell Sandstar." Southpaw said. The other apprentice sat beside his brother.
"Maybe I should track him, and ask him what his problem is." Dapplepaw said sourly. He was eager to be trained, he didn't want to sit around forever, how would he become a warrior?

Chapter 21

Dapplepaw carefully stepped out of camp. He was doing his best to avoid drawing attention to himself. He was relieved most cats ignored him.
Suddenly Cherryblossom, the Thunderclan medicine cat, bursted from the ferns as if a snapping turtle had caught her tail. She ran into the apprentice and the two stumbled, Cherryblossom did her best not to fall onto the smaller cat. They both made sounds of surprise, but Cherryblossom found her way without trampeling him. Dapplepaw gasped and looked over at her, his panic gone but the effort of avoiding the taller cat still keeping his body energized. Cherryblossom sighed and faced him.
"Sorry, I should have been paying more attention." She apologized. Dapplepaw smiled at her.
"It's alright..." He said awkwardly, not sure what to say in response. Cherryblossom nodded once and looked as if she was going to return to camp but she paused.
"Why are you outside the camp by yourself? Where is Coldeyes?" Cherryblossom asked, as if she half expected the large tom to appear from the forest. Dapplepaw paused.
"Uh..." He said as he tried to think of something- anything- he could tell her. "He uh..." Just then, the large white mentor appeared from the bushes. Cherryblossom gasped in surprise, but sighed to calm herself once she recognized him. Coldeyes eyed her before looking down at Dapplepaw.
The situation before him became clear and he looked back up to Cherryblossom.
"I hope you're not holding up my apprentice, Cherryblossom." He said sternly. The medicine cat grew shy from him, his gaze and voice seemed to make her look frightened, but her tail curled in embarrassment. Dapplepaw gave a curious look to the medicine cat as he rose to stand beside Coldeyes. Ambercloud appeared from the bushes and quickly eyed Coldeyes and Cherryblossom.
The medicine cat began to retreat without even answering Coldeyes. Ambercloud sighed.
"I hope you didn't threaten her." The older she-cat said. Coldeyes

passed his gaze to her.
"I have never threatened anyone. You of all cats should know that." Coldeyes replied, his voice a litttle softer then usual. Dapplepaw kept looking between the two everytime they talked. He looked at Ambercloud for her reply.
"I know... Cherryblossom's reaction just caught me off guard. She of all these cats actually likes you." Ambercloud said. Coldeyes narrowed his eyes, refusing to reply, as if he were offended by what she said. But, Dapplepaw couldn't tell how Coldeyes felt since he seemed to be in the same state of mind all the time.
Coldeyes and Dapplepaw watched as Ambercloud walked away. After she disappeared in the camp, Coldeyes nudged Dapplepaw.
"Come on. I will be teaching you today." He admitted. Dapplepaw exploded with excitment.
"Finally!" He cheered as Coldeyes lead him toward the training grounds. Coldeyes glanced at his apprentice a few times.
"I have a new idea." Coldeyes said after a while. Dapplepaw glanced up at him.
"What..?" He asked almost worried, as if Coldstar was going to change plans and not train him for today.
"You need to beat me there." Coldeyes announced, shattering Dapplepaw's doubts. Just as he said it Coldeyes took off sprinting and Dapplepaw followed after him in pursuit.
Who knew Coldeyes still had a sense of fun inside him?

Chapter 22

Coldeyes sat outside the camp, he was in charge of the entrance tonight. Many days had passed by now, snow covered the ground heavily and Coldeyes found himself happy he blended with it so well. Dapplepaw wanted to guard alongside his mentor, the young tom wanted to know what it was like to be on guard duty. Coldeyes though turned him away, claiming it was too cold for him and he didn't want his apprentice to get sick. It had been a moon by now, as he thought back to training Dapplepaw when his apprenticeship had first started. He still hadn't gotten a growth spurt, and Coldeyes could only guess it would be another moon or so until he did grow more.

His ear twitched as he heard the ferns of the camp entrance shuffle. It was Cherryblossom and Greenpaw leaving camp together. The she-cat nearly jumped when she realized Coldeyes was there, rather then a pile of snow. He softly smiled at her reaction as Greenpaw gave his mentor a curious look.

"Ah, Coldeyes. Very nice to have seen you in such a.. similar terrain to your fur." She said with a brief smile as she began padding away. Coldeyes nodded in greeting, Greenpaw bowing his own head in response as he followed closely after the long legged she-cat through the growing snow. He had been expecting them to cross through the entrance at some point, the half moon was tonight and he knew Cherryblossom was eager to give Greenpaw his medicine cat name.

He watched their figures grow smaller and more obscure as they made the distance between them and the camp grow.

A few hours passed and Coldeyes knew dawn was close. His ear twitched though with suspicion as he heard something in the camp. It was soft, like a whisper. He couldn't understand the words but he knew someone was talking nearby. He rose and wandered closer to the entrance to try and hear it better.

As soon as he got close, the ferns parted and he saw Ambercloud looking up at him. Coldeyes gave her a curious look, but it soon turned to some form of worry as henoticed the concern deep within her eyes.

"Come with me." She said. Coldeyes nodded and followed his adoptive mother into the camp, and into Sandstar's den. He saw Sandstar, such an old tom with silver all throughout his pelt and his long whiskers, lying in his nest breathing shallowly.
Coldeyes was about to suggest running to get Cherryblossom fromthe moonpool, but Sandstar spoke up.
"Coldeyes..." He wheezed gently. "Coldeyes, I am going to die this dawn. I have been told of this day by Starclan many years ago.. Ambercloud has brought you to me..." The tom paused to catch his breath. Coldeyes watched him with concern, feeling wrong for not sprinting to retrieve Cherryblossom but if he said Starclan destined this, he was torn of what to do for his leader.
"Coldeyes, I was told by Starclan.." Another pause, "A bird will bring snow upon a clan of sand, and it would turn to ice. It would.. overcome the clan and rebirth it into a better clan." He finished quietly. Coldeyes hung onto every word of his dying leader. Ambercloud watched him with her caring but fierce eyes.
"You know what he is telling you." Ambercloud said. Coldeyes looked at her with bewilderment in his intense gaze. Sandstar coughed as his breathing grew even softer, if it were possible.
"Ambercloud, I can't take your position if that is what you're suggesting." Coldeyes said. Sandstar looked up at the white tom.
"Coldeyes, I want you to become Ambercloud's deputy. I know your secrets. Your heart is not frozen, it is your pelt that is cold. You are a valuable warrior to this clan, and your story as it has been written so far is what I want to be used as a symbol in our clan. Loyalty, love, and comfort. You are the shining gem I have always been able to admire in my clan. Please, if not my successor, become Ambercloud's deputy..." Sandstar said as his breathing slowly stopped. Coldeyes watched with sorrow as the old tom's spirit left to enter the stars.

Chapter 23

As the elderly tom released his final breaths Coldeyes could see the rays of the sun beginning to peer into the den, as if they wanted to know what happened. He looked at Ambercloud, lost for words or sounds. Her eyes bore into his with a tender sincerity.
"You heard him, Coldeyes. I will announce you as my deputy after I go to the moonpool for my nine lives... Be prepared." Ambercloud said as she left the den. Coldeyes watched her go and looked at Sandstar. The glaze of his eyes was becoming more apparent as he sat there, so many questions running through his mind.
He sighed and got up, leaving the den. He would have to ask for someone to help him transport Sandstar's body to the camp center for mourning.
"Coldeyes!" A chirpy voice called out to him. The large tom looked over to the source. It was a new apprentice, a she-cat known as Mistpaw.
"Yes?" Coldeyes asked, trying to hide the hesitation in his voice.
"Do you know where Antfall is?" The apprentice asked, "I've been on the hunt for him all day. You would think a warrior would keep a promise about taking me out for a hunting session!" She fumed.
Coldstar could tell the she-cat was kidding with him, but he began to wonder where the warrior was. He shook his head and sighed, who was he to worry?
Without pause his brain reminded him of the impending responsibilities that would befall him after Ambercloud took on her nine lives. Soon he would be the one to worry.
"I don't know where he is, Mistpaw." Coldeyes admitted, hurriedly trotting away to find a warrior that wasn't hiding from their apprentice. He spotted Poppyclaw, the only warrior he really knew, sniffing around the apprentice den calling out for Southpaw.
The large tom trotted over with new found determination.
"Poppyclaw." He called out. The black tom looked over at him and offered a gentle smile.
"Hello Coldeyes-" He tried to say, but was cut off by Coldeyes.
"Sandstar has gone to -" He cut himself off as he spotted Southclaw and Dapplepaw leaving the apprentice den. He eyed them as

Poppyclaw gave him a curious look.
"Sandstar.. Is gone..." Coldeyes slowly said in a whisper, trying not to frighten the apprentices. Poppyclaw's eyes widened in shock.
"Really?" He asked. Coldeyes didn't have time to wait for the other tom to digest the knowledge.
"Yes, I need you to help bring him to the center of camp." Coldeyes said. Poppyclaw nodded without pause.
"Yes, of course." He turned to Southpaw and Dapplepaw.
"We won't be training today, Southclaw. Go tell the other warriors Sandstar has passed away. The clan needs to know." Poppyclaw ordered the younger tom. Both cats gave him wide eyed stares. The black tom turned back to Coldeyes as he bagan following him to the Highledge.
They climbed up to Sandstar's den, soon to be Ambercloud's den. They brought the tom's body to the center of camp as the apprentices spread the word of their leader's passing.

Chapter 24

It had been a few hours since Sandstar's death. Coldeyes was wandering outside the camp, his nose only caring for the scents of prey. He needed to be as far from that place as possible. He had been hit by the full gravity of Sandstar's request.
Ambercloud had left with a few others to get her lives so she could return and appoint a new deputy as soon as possible. His pelt shook with uncertainty, how could Sandstar want him to be his successor? Why would Ambercloud agree it was his destiny to lead the clan? He had been a nuisance for them after Dapplepaw died, even if he did come back around to the society of the camp when Ambercloud helped him learn to heal. Dapplepaw, his current apprentice, was helping him grow less somber in his life, but how could he trust himself to keep getting better? Even if he never asked he knew his clanmates wouldn't want him to be their leader.
They were too weary of his personality and unpredictable behavior. He had nothing for them to read to understand him, to work with him. Coldeyes may have known he was a tom with a good heart, but convincing those who had seen him at his lowest would be a task he feared he could never uphold. How could he feel this way knowing when Ambercloud returned as Amberstar that he would be the new deputy?
Wouldn't other warriors be excited or overjoyed? Wouldn't they be unable to contain themselves and only consider the new things they would have access to and be responsible for? Coldeyes had no doubt he was capable of such things, but the thought of his clanmates outlook on himself frightened him to a point where he had considered, multiple times, to tell Ambercloud he would not accept then duty.
This was something he knew he would have gone for as a kit, but he was grown now and he felt like he was on the edge of a cliff, being asked by Sandstar and Ambercloud to look up to the stars and jump off. How could he be such a coward for something so simple? Shame had been washing over him like a choking mist as he realized these negative thoughts running through his mind.
He sighed as he stopped his hunt, his mind being split between his

worries and the real world was exhausting. Even if he didn't want to do it, he needed to. It was the curse and blessing of expectations and relationships. Either he gave in to his fear to face disappointment and discord, or he took the leap into a new world for his and his clan's benefit.
Coldeyes was not a coward in the face of battle, he fought just as hard as any other warrior of his clan. Outside the battlefield though, he faced many more dangers when he was alone. His mind was an enemy but an ally, a fiend that stabbed him in the back.
It felt like a needle so he never noticed the harm it brought him, but when he would face off against it for it's final betrayal, he wouldn't be at his best. But it was a battle that could be one, even if it was uphill. Coldeyes began to return to camp with empty eyes as he realized his decision. He couldn't fail himself by running from something he should be proud of receiving.
Sandstar had chosen him to lead the clan after his death, and he would not turn away such a powerful compliment. It would be disrespectful to his spirit and to Starclan. He could not be a coward and hide from his emotions.
He had to be strong and be true to himself or else he would lie to escape everything he didn't like in his life. This was a test for him, a test sent by Starclan to see if he was truly worth all he believed he was. He would prove himself as worthy for this position and learn to be a better warrior from it.
He would make Thunderclan stronger by improving on his own short comings, there was no other way to grow. His first step into camp would be his first step into a new life. The ferns fell to the side as he moved through them, his white pelt spotless as he made his way to the crowd keeping Sandstar's body company in the middle of camp.
He joined them to mourn a leader who had inspired him through life and death to become better and overcome the obstacles in his life. He pressed his nose into the tom's pelt.
"I will not fail you, Sandstar." Coldeyes promised in a whisper as he closed his eyes.